

IND 7000
BEWARE - TALES OF HORROR

DEC.
No. 13

18c



CHILLING

Tales

**THE
SCREAMING
SKULL**



An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**

TRY IT
BEFORE
YOU BUY
IT!



**POSTURE BAD?
Got a "Bay Window"?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**

**and then he got a
"CHEVALIER"...**



**YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!**

**DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel
years older than you really are? Then here, at last
is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonder-
ful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically
constructed to help you look and feel years younger!**

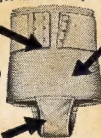
The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"**

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge
... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see
how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it
most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the
way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ...
flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

**FRONT
ADJUSTMENT**

Works quick as a
flash! Simply adjust
the strap and presto!
The belt is perfectly
adjusted to your
greatest comfort!



**DETACHABLE
POUCH**

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and
made to give wonderful support and
protection!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long.
Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's
because the two-way s-t-r-a-t-c-h cloth plus the
front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The
"Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts
of healthful posture control. It's made by experts
to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you
want. Just see all the wonderful features below.
And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on
FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

**TWO-WAY
S-T-R-A-T-C-H
WONDER CLOTH**

Firmly holds in your
flabby abdomen; yet
it s-t-r-a-t-c-h-e-s
as you breathe,
bend, stoop, after
meals, etc.



**Rear View
TITE SHUG AT
SMALL OF BACK**
Firm, comfortable
support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The
Chevalier has a re-
movable pouch made of a soft,
comfortable fabric that absorbs
perspiration. So that you can
change it regularly we include
an extra pouch, limited offer.
Order yours today.

**FREE TRIAL: Pay Nothing Now—
Nothing On Arrival**

**1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give
name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and
mail TODAY!**



**2. Try on the
"Chevalier". Ad-
just belt the way
you want. See
how your bulging
"bay window"
looks streamlined
... how comfort-
able you feel. How
good it is!**



**3. Wear the "Chevalier"
for 10 whole days if you
want to! Wear it to work,
evenings, while bowling,
etc. The "Chevalier" must
help you look and feel
"like a million" or you can
send it back! See offer in
coupon!**



RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. UU-1-E 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

**SEND NO MONEY: JUST
MAIL COUPON**

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. UU-1-E

487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-
SUPPORTER BELT. Include FREE an extra removable pouch.
In 10 days I will either send you only \$3.98 plus postage as
full payment, or I will return the garment and owe nothing.

My waist measure is _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

☐ Save 65c postage. We pay postage if you enclose
\$3.98 now. Full purchase price refund guaranteed if
garment is returned within 10 days.

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SCREAMING, IT CAME FROM THE PLACE OF MURDER. ROLLING OUT OF THE GREEN SLIME OF THE MATTO GROSSO, SHRIEKING FOR REVENGE; IT SOUGHT DEATH FOR THE MAN IT HATED...

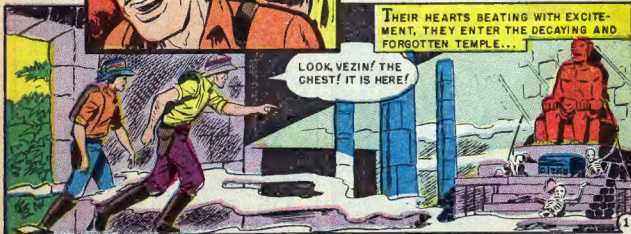
THE SCREAMING SKULL



THE HEART OF THE MATTO GROSSO, BRAZIL'S MYSTERIOUS AND IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE, AS TWO MEN REACH THE GOAL THEY HAVE SOUGHT FOR TWENTY YEARS...

EAMES! WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND IT!

AYE! IT REALLY DOES EXIST.

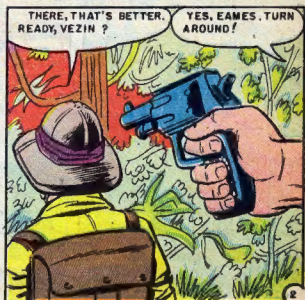
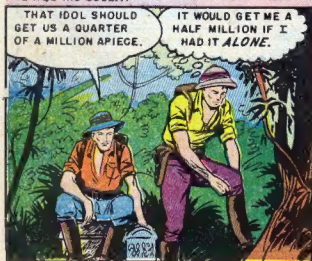


THEIR HEARTS BEATING WITH EXCITEMENT, THEY ENTER THE DECAYING AND FORGOTTEN TEMPLE...

LOOK, VEZEIN! THE CHEST! IT IS HERE!



AS THEY REST, VEZIN STARES AT HIS PARTNER! ALREADY THE EVIL OF THE GREEN GOD HAS PERMEATED HIS SOUL...





GLOATING OVER HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAINS, VEZIN HURRIES OFF, LEAVING THE BODY OF EAMES TO THE MERCY OF THE DREAD SOLDIER ANTS...



IN MOMENTS THE CORPSE IS COVERED BY THE VICIOUS INSECTS...



BACK AT THE CAMP, THE MURDEROUS VEZIN HAS ALREADY FORGOTTEN HIS PARTNER...



A HALF MILLION DOLLARS!
STAY CLOSE, MY EMERALD FRIEND.
I WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE
YOU NOW...

AS VEZIN SLEEPS, A STRANGE THING OCCURS
OUTSIDE THE TENT. FROM OUT OF THE JUNGLE
ROLLS A SCREAMING SKULL...WITH ONE TOOTH
MISSING...



STRAIGHT INTO
VEZIN'S TENT IT
ROLLS, AND ONTO
HIS SLEEPING
FORM...SHRIEKING
FOR REVENGE...

AAHHHEEEEE

WAKING, VEZIN FLASHES HIS
LIGHT TO DISCOVER...

AAAAAH! A SKULL...THE
MISSING TOOTH...IT'S EAMES
SKULL! BUT HOW...HOW DID
IT GET HERE...NO!

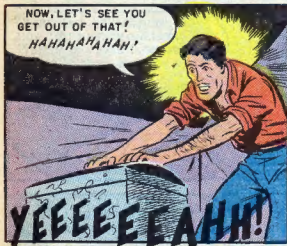
IN A FRENZY VEZIN PICKS UP THE SKULL AND HURLS IT INTO
THE DARKNESS...

YOU'LL NOT
HAUNT ME!

BUT WITHIN THE HOUR THE
SKULL RETURNS...

IT...IT'S COME BACK...
IT ACTUALLY MOVES!...
WHAT'LL I DO?...

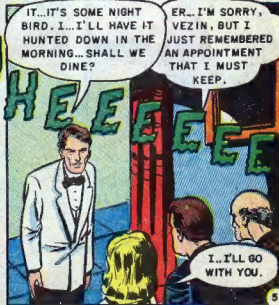
IN DESPERATION, HE PICKS UP THE FRIGHTFUL THING...



SUDDENLY A HIDEOUS SCREAM RINGS OUT THROUGH THE HOUSE...

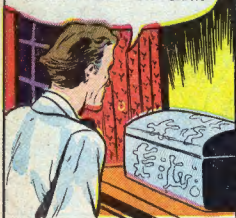


RETURNING TO AMERICA, VEZIN SETTLES DOWN TO THE LIFE OF A RICH MAN...



THE GUESTS LEAVE AND VEZIN GOES TO THE CHEST AND ITS GRUESOME CONTENTS...

SO, EAMES, YOU WANT REVENGE? YOU WANT TO RUIN ME...WELL...



...I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU, CRUSH YOU INTO A MILLION FRAGMENTS...I CAN'T MOVE! WHAT...WHAT IS THIS?

TRY AS HE WILL, VEZIN CANNOT TOUCH THE CHEST. A POWERFUL EMANATION FROM WITHIN REPELS HIM...



VERY WELL, EAMES, STAY IN YOUR CHEST, AND SCREAM TILL YOU ARE HOARSE. I HAVE THE MONEY AND YOU ARE DEAD...

SOON VEZIN'S HOUSE IS SHUNNED BY ALL, UNTIL AT LAST HE IS HARD-PUT TO EVEN FIND A HOUSEKEEPER...

AND I WILL PAY YOU ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK. IS THAT ALL RIGHT?

I SHOULD SAY SO! FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY I... WH-- WHAT WAS THAT?



IT--IT'S NOTHING. JUST THE... WIND...

THAT WAS NO WIND. IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE GETTING MURDERED. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE...



I'LL DO A LOT OF WORK FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS, BUT I WON'T STAY IN A HAUNTED HOUSE...

ANOTHER ONE, GONE... WHY CAN'T I GO WITH THEM. WHY?... IT'S THAT ACCURSED EAMES!



VEZIN TRIES TO LEAVE THE HOUSE OF HORROR, BUT HE CAN'T.

YOU HAVE ME NOW, EAMES, BUT I'LL DESTROY YOU YET!



AT LAST VEZIN MANAGES TO GET A HOUSEKEEPER WHO WILL STAY IN HIS HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

THEN... THEN YOU WILL STAY?

YES. THEY SAY THE HOUSE IS POSSESSED OF THE DEVIL, BUT HE DON'T SCARE ME. HEHHEH!



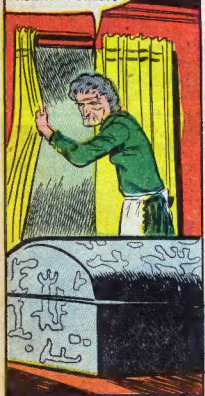
I COULDN'T STAND BEING ALONE ANOTHER MOMENT. IT... IT WOULD DRIVE ME MAD.

AYE, LONLINESS CAN DO STRANGE THINGS TO A PERSON. I KNOW!



ONE NIGHT, A WEEK LATER...

IT'S THE HAUNT!... SEEMS TO COME FROM THAT CHEST.



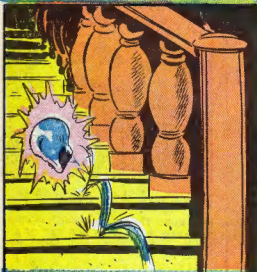
WHY, THERE'S SOMETHING ALIVE IN THERE. MAYBE AN ANIMAL...OR SOMETHING. I'LL LET IT OUT.



OPENING THE CHEST BRINGS A HORRIBLE SURPRISE....



FREE FROM ITS PRISON, THE SCREAMING
SKULL BUMPS ITS WAY UP THE STAIRS...



THROUGH THE HALLWAY AND INTO VEZIN'S BEDROOM...



INCH BY INCH IT CLIMBS THE BEDSPREAD, BY THE MEANS OF ITS
SHARP, POINTED, WHITE TEETH...

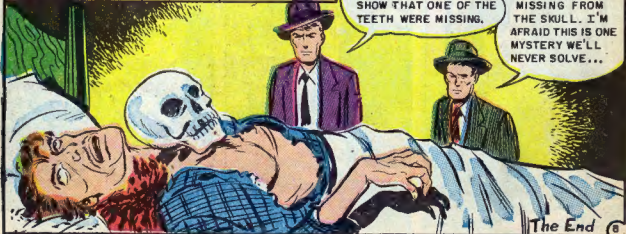
AND ROLLS ACROSS THE BED TO
SEIZE VEZIN'S THROAT IN A GRIP OF
DEATH...



AND SO THEY FOUND VEZIN THE NEXT DAY, HIS THROAT
HORRIBLY TORN AND MANGLED. NEAR HIM LAY A GRIN-
NING SKULL WITH ONE TOOTH MISSING...

THE FRIGHTFUL PART
IS THAT THE TOOTH
MARKS ON HIS THROAT
SHOW THAT ONE OF THE
TEETH WERE MISSING.

YES, MISSING IN
THE SAME SPOT AS
THE ONE THAT IS
MISSING FROM
THE SKULL. I'M
AFRAID THIS IS ONE
MYSTERY WE'LL
NEVER SOLVE...



The End 6

THE HAND OF GLORY

A DREADFUL RELIC OF THE DEAD, "THE HAND OF GLORY," TORN FROM THE ARM OF AN EXECUTED CRIMINAL AS HE SWUNG FROM THE GIBBET CHAINS, HELD A WAXEN TAPER MADE WITH THE FAT OF A HUMAN HEART. ITS EERIE LIGHT, WHICH PROTECTED THE EVIL-DOER FROM ALL HARM, SHONE STRAIGHT FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL....



A STORMY NIGHT IN YORKSHIRE IN THE FALL OF 1824 AS TWO MUFFLED FIGURES GALLOP TOWARD. A DESERTED CROSSROADS...

HAVE WE FAR TO GO?
THERE'S A STORM
BREWING.

IT IS ONLY A LITTLE
WAY NOW, OLD JEM
WILL BE GLAD TO
SEE US.



SEE THERE HE SWINGS.
I TOLD YE HE WOULDN'T
DISAPPOINT US,

LET'S GET ON
WITH IT. I
DON'T LIKE
IT HERE.

DISMOUNTING, ONE OF THE MEN
CLIMBS THE CREAKING GIBBET...



I'LL FEEL A LOT
BETTER WHEN
WE'RE DONE. THE
DEAD DON'T LIKE
TO BE
DISTURBED.

BAH! OLD JEM
MUST BE LONELY
SWINGING UP THERE.
AFTER ALL, WE'RE
OLD FRIENDS.



AH, JEM, IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE GOING TO DO US
MORE GOOD DEAD THAN
ALIVE.

REACHING THE BODY, THE MAN
GHOULISHLY SEVERS THE CORPSE'S
RIGHT HAND...



YE'LL NEVER
MISS IT, JEM, AND
THERE'LL BE LESS
OF YE TO BURN
IN HADES...



ALL RIGHT, TOM,
LET'S GO!

AYE! I CAN
FEEL THE DEVIL
BREATHING ON
MY NECK... GET
UP, THERE!



WITH THEIR GRISLY TROPHY
SAFE, THE TWO GALLOP OFF AS
IF ALL THE HOUNDS OF HELL
WERE AFTER THEM...



RETURNING TO THEIR HIDEOUT, THE TWO WORK FAR INTO THE NIGHT CONCOCTING A GRUESOME AND MYSTIC MIXTURE.

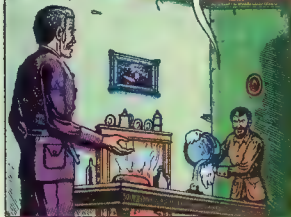
IT'S DONE, TOM!
GET THE MOLD,
QUICK!

AYE, 'TIS THE MASTER
OF DARKNESS' OWN
BREW.



ARE YOU SURE IT
WILL WORK?

AS SURE AS I AM
THAT YOU ARE BY MY
SIDE, TOM. YOU'LL
SEE!



NONE CAN PUT IT OUT.
ONLY BLOOD CAN DO
THAT... COME, WE

'TIS WELL! I
HAVE NEED OF
GOLD!

SHALL TRY IT THIS
VERY NIGHT.



WHEN THE AWFUL TALLOW HAS COOLED...

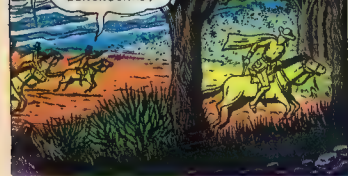
FROM THIS TIME ON WE ARE ...AND THOSE
SAFE, WHOEVER BE ...WHO BE AWAKE FALL
ASLEEP WHEN THE INTO A TRANCE, BUT
THE CANDLE IS LIT WHAT IF IT SHOULD
WILL STAY GO OUT?
ASLEEP..



MANY WERE THE EVIL DEEDS COMMITTED
THROUGH THE USE OF THE HORRIBLE HAND UNTIL AT
LAST...

HE'S RIDING INTO THE
FOREST! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

STOP, YE THIEVIN'
BLACKGUARD!



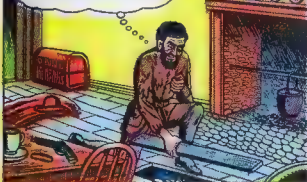
NO USE FOLLOWING
HIM. WE'LL NEVER
FIND HIM IN THERE.

BLASTED HIGH-
WAYMAN! HE'S
GOT CLEAN AWAY...
WELL, HE'LL HANG,
SOME DAY.



BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE! IN A TINY COTTAGE NOT FAR AWAY THE HIGHWAYMAN IS DYING FROM A BULLET...

THEY MAY HAVE GOT ME... BUT... THEY'LL... NEVER GET... THE HAND OF GLORY!!



ALL RIGHT, JEM... I'M COMING TO SEE YOU AGAIN... THIS... TIME... FOR... GOOD... UNHH!



ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE YEARS LATER AS TWO HOBOS SEEK SHELTER IN AN ABANDONED COTTAGE IN YORKSHIRE...

THERE'S A PLACE, BILL. LET'S GET IN THERE!



RIGHT! WE'LL DROWN IF WE STAY OUT HERE.

IT'S AN ABANDONED SHACK. WE CAN SLEEP HERE.

LET'S GET A FIRE GOING. I'M SOAKED.



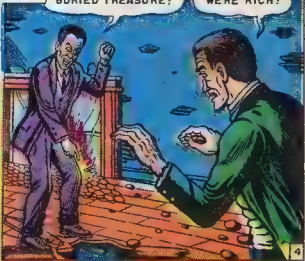
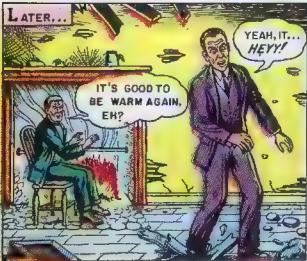
HEY, BILL, LOOK! BURIED TREASURE!

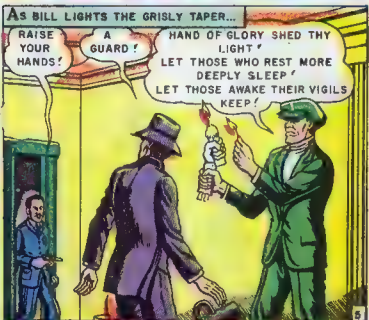
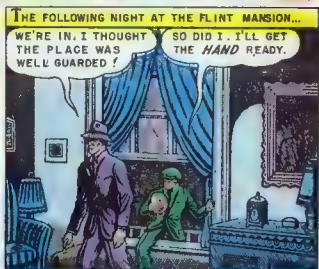
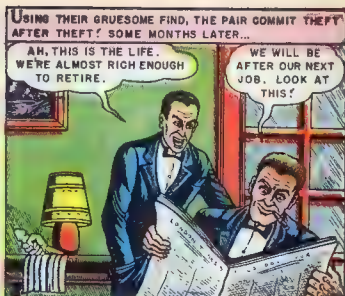
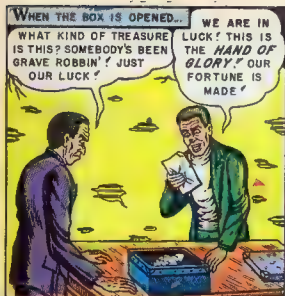
GORBLIMEY, WE'RE RICH!

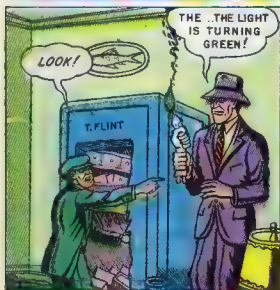
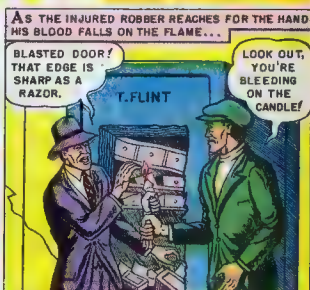
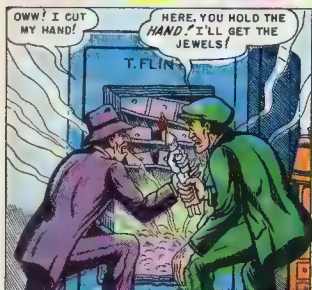
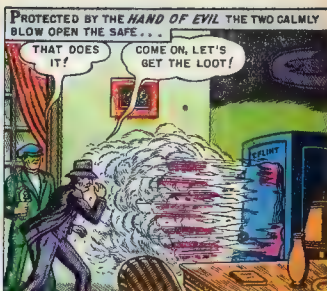
LATER...

YEAH, IT... HEY!!

IT'S GOOD TO BE WARM AGAIN, EH?







AS THE STRANGE, EERIE GLOW GROWS... THE TWO THIEVES FRANTICALLY GRAB THE JEWELS FROM THE SAFE...

GRAB WHAT YOU CAN AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

DON'T WORRY, YOU COULDN'T KEEP ME HERE WITH WILD HORSES!



BUT AS THEY TURN TO FLEE...

I CAN'T MOVE!



I... WANT... MY... HAND...

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

HELP!



AAAGHH!

UUUGH!



AND SO THEY WERE FOUND THE NEXT MORNING. EACH OF THEM HAD THEIR RIGHT HAND MISSING. OLD JEM HAD RECLAIMED HIS HAND... BUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEIRS?



THE END

WHAT IS A GHOUL?

IS there such a thing as a ghoul? If so, is it a man or a beast? Edgar Allen Poe, in one of his poems, assures us "they are neither man nor woman, neither beast nor human—they are ghouls."

The popular belief is that the ghoul lives on human flesh, and lives close-by to a grave yard, where it can slink forth at night and prey upon a recently buried corpse, carefully covering up all traces of its presence.

This is the true account of a ghoul that was actually found in Ireland some seventy years ago. The story may be found in The County Meath Journal. It was written by a judge of the district:

"In 1879, at Laracour church and graveyard in the County Meath, I actually saw a ghoul captured while in the act of desecrating the grave of a recently buried man.

The graveyard was situated in a solitary spot, two miles from the village, and was usually deserted. Only when the keen of death—the funeral cry of the Irish peasants was heard, could humans be found in the gloomy enclosure.

A few weeks before, reports had spread through the town that graves were being robbed. As magistrate I gave orders to arrest the body-snatchers and make them pay dearly for their services in behalf of the surgeons, who at that time paid very highly for subjects to experiment on.

I ordered the police to keep constant watch on Laracour graveyard. For a week nothing happened. Then, one dark and gloomy night, as the men concealed themselves behind crumbling tombstones, it happened. They had waited for hours and were about to give up when they saw a strange figure glide along the western wall of the burial ground. A distant clock solemnly tolled the hour of one. The figure paused as if to listen and then dropped to all fours and crept toward a newly dug grave.

Reaching it, the strange and evil creature began to tear up the ground in animal fashion. It worked quickly with astounding speed.

The watchers remained hidden until it had dug quite deeply and then they rushed forward and surrounded the thief. To their utter horror, the creature leaped to its feet, shrilling a hoarse, inhuman scream that almost terrified them to death.

Suddenly the moon shone out in all its brightness. It revealed a thing of terror that, although it had the form of a man, sent a shudder of loathing through everyone present.

Its body was covered with thick, matted hair from head to foot, face and palms included. Its eyes, small and sunken, had a wild glare. The mouth was large and brutal and from it protruded four tusks at least five inches long. They curved inward to hide a small receding chin.

The nails, three and a half inches in length, were strong and thick. Although the thing was over five feet, ten inches in height, it was so lean and fleshless that it could not have weighed more than a hundred pounds.

The head sloped upward to a point and on either side were a pair of gigantic ears of human shape, standing out from the awful skull.

As they gazed on the hideous spectre in their midst a strange superstitious dread took possession of the men. The thing didn't move a muscle; only the tiny, red eyes, wild and glaring, were in motion, darting back and forth, seeking a chance to escape from its captors.

For minutes they stood, surrounding the awful apparition, not daring to secure and bind it. Then at last, beads of sweat standing out on their foreheads, they moved in and took it prisoner. It didn't fight, but only moaned piteously.

On Monday I sat at the sessions in town. Huge mobs attended to see the horror that

police had brought in. The excitement rose to such a pitch that all control of the crowd was lost as the object of terror was led from its cell to the court-room. As it passed through the shuddering crowd a moan of horror arose.

Unshackled the creature sat between the two policemen. It was then that it made its first desperate attempt to regain its liberty. Rising suddenly, it grasped both men by the throat and hurled them from him, but before he could bolt he was surrounded again and brought under control.

As I sat and looked down on this creature of terror standing before me I too felt the thrill of fear quiver up and down my spine. It glared up at me, not moving a muscle, not making a sound. Nothing I could do could induce it to talk and the jury finally brought in a verdict of insanity.

I then ordered the area around the cemetery to be searched for further evidence. The result was the discovery of a cave beneath a ledge of rock which projected from a river bank. Its entrance could only be reached from under the water which was over four feet deep at that point.

The searchers, upon entering were met with a scene of indescribable horror. In a corner was a large pile of human bones, some of which still contained decomposed human flesh clinging to them. The stench was terrific and those inside the horrible den became sick in a matter of minutes. From the size of the hideous and gruesome pile they judged that the monster had only inhabited the spot for about eleven months.

Now the thing was taken to Dublin and turned over to the medical and scientific bodies of the Irish capital. But nothing could be discovered of its origin or species.

Finally Doctor Burke, an elderly and eminent physician, came forward and told of a ghoul he had examined some thirty years before at Kilfinnan. He claimed the horror was a corruption of the human species which in no way differed from man except in outward appearance. The creatures had long been whispered of in Ireland, but only two had been captured in thirty years.

The Doctor believed that they had great longevity and traveled during the darkness from place to place. This seems to account for the many grave robberies that were never traced in Ireland.

The Kilfinnan ghoul, which resembled this one in respect to the hideous face, eyes, hair, tusks, tremendous nails, idiotic head, and tremendous ears had been caught while asleep in a grave yard, resting across a tomb, a half-eaten corpse clutched in its tremendous arms. It had been thoroughly examined, and after its death given a post-mortem. Still there was nothing to show what it was or where it came from.

Our ghoul steadfastly refused to eat or drink, and before a month was up had passed away. Again a thorough post mortem took place, but with the same negative results. It was buried in a lonely plot of wasteland outside the town, where it lies to this day."

History has touched lightly on these terrible creatures who live on the dead. In the works of ancient authors they are spoken of in vague and shadowy descriptions that allude to terrible and unspoken horrors. They are coupled with everything that is offensive and frightful, but never is there a definite description of the things.

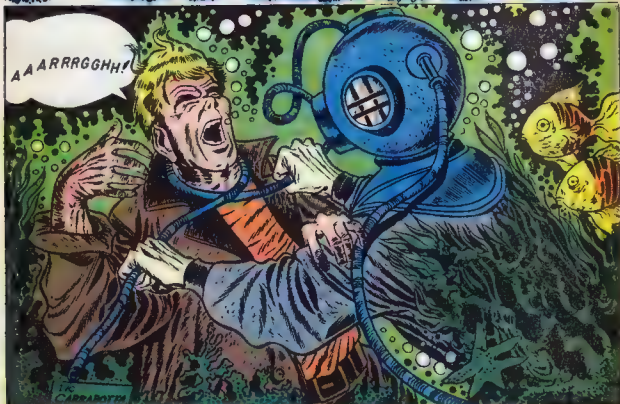
One belief holds that a ghoul is born of human parents, but has an immortal soul. Estranged from mankind at an early period, it degenerates until it develops the strange and awful traits for which it has become known.

But was the terrible creature discovered in the Laracour graveyard really a ghoul? Was it a supernatural creature that existed on the flesh of humans because of its other-world nature? Or was it some frightful freak, a degraded human being that lived as a beast, existing on the flesh of other animals?

We will never really know. The question remains unanswered. Lost in the shadowy lore of the ancients, hidden possibly forever from the eyes of man the true answer lies buried in the forbidden tombs of black magic.

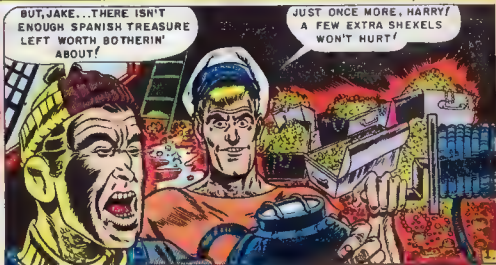
Mankind still does not know—What is a ghoul?

PURSUED



EACH NIGHT HE APPEARED... A WEIRD, DRIPPING MONSTER WHO BELONGED IN THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SEA! HIS WAS A MISSION OF VENGEANCE AND STRANGE RETRIBUTION! AND ONE MAN WAS TO KNOW THE FULL TERROR OF AN APPARITION'S CRY FOR JUSTICE...

ON A SMALL, DIRTY BOAT-- SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST INDIES-- TWO MEN, WITH FEW SCRUPLES BUT PLENTY OF LUCK, NEAR THE COMPLETION OF A SUCCESSFUL SALVAGE OPERATION...



PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE OF GREED THAT HARRY MADE THAT LAST ILL-FATED DIVE! FOR ENOUGH HAD ALREADY BEEN SALVAGED TO MAKE EACH MAN WEALTHY!



TAKE A GOOD LAST LOOK...
PARDNER!



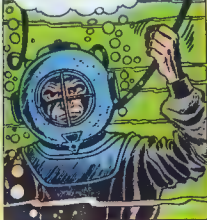
BY NOW HARRY MUST BE ON THE BOTTOM! I'LL GIVE HIM A FEW MORE MINUTES...

MEANWHILE, MANY FATHOMS BELOW...

I DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK—AND JAKE GETS HALF THE LOOT!



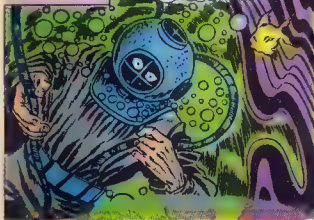
MAYBE I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING SO'S I WON'T HAFTA WORRY ABOUT SHARING!... MIGHT AS WELL SIGNAL JAKE AND GO TOPSIDE...



A CRUEL GRIN SPREADS OVER JAKE'S FACE AS HE....



WHILE UNDER THE SEA... HARRY STRUGGLED...



M-MY LINES 'T-HEY'RE CUT! THAT DIRTY %%% JAKE! AIR... I NEED. AIR

SOON THE HOT SEARING PAIN IN HARRY'S CHEST WAS COOLED BY THE CHILLING HAND OF DEATH. AND HIS BODY JOINED THE ROTTING HULK IN ETERNAL SLEEP...



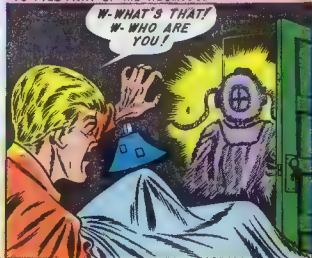
A SHORT TIME LATER, A NEWCOMER JOINED THE COMPANY OF THE LUXURY-LOVING SET...



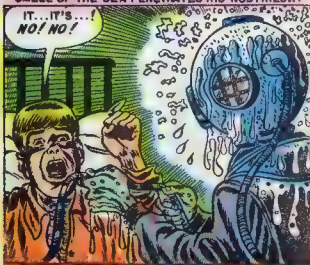
PERHAPS IT WAS THE FINE WINES THAT CAUSED JAKE TO WAKEN SUDDENLY THAT NIGHT FROM A FITFUL DOZE...



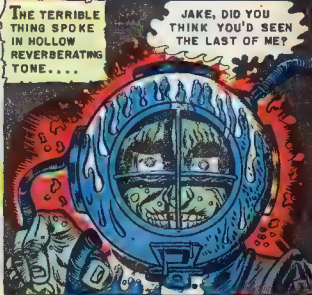
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A WEIRD, GLOW SEEMED TO FILL PART OF HIS ROOM...



THE BLOOD IN JAKE'S VEINS RAN GOLD AS THE SMELL OF THE SEA PENETRATED HIS NOSTRILS...

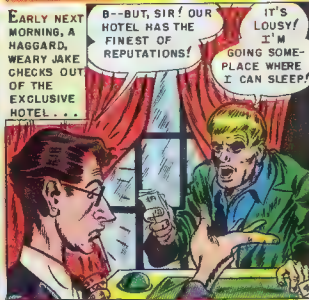
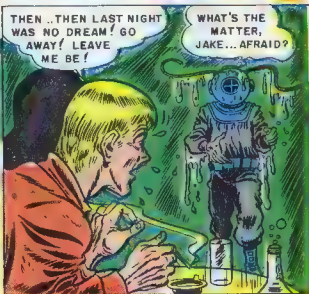


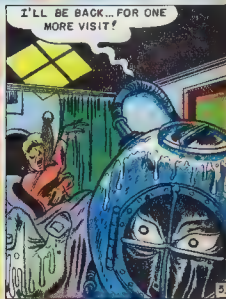
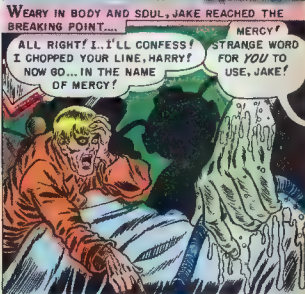
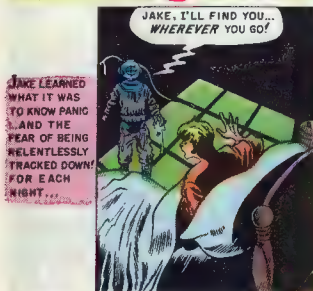
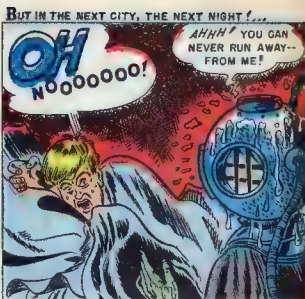
THE TERRIBLE THING SPOKE IN HOLLOW REVERBERATING TONE...



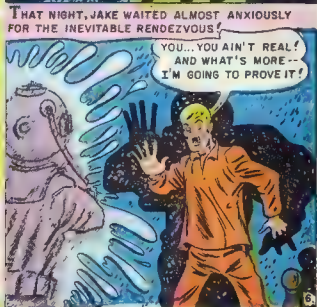
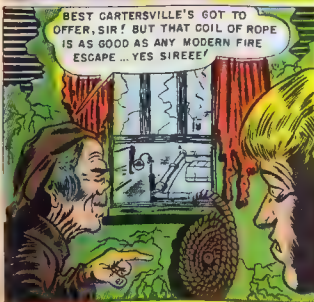
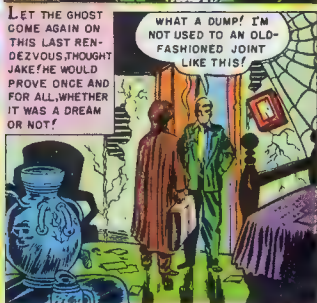


BUT THE NEXT NIGHT...

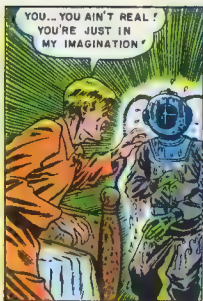




THE SLIMY
CREATURE
FROM THE
OCEAN'S
UNDER-
WORLD
LEFT THEN...
THE NEXT
DAY...



BUT THE UNMISTAKEABLE ODOUR OF DANK HEAVY SEA WATER, MADE HIM APPROACH THE VISITOR WITH TREMBLING HANDS...



YOU... YOU AIN'T REAL!
YOU'RE JUST IN
MY IMAGINATION



IN STRANGE, MADDENED FEAR, HE GRASPED THE HELMET

YOU AIN'T REAL!
YOU AIN'T!



AAAAAIEEE!
HARRY!!

HE SMELLED THE DECAYING FLESH OF THE DEAD MAN'S FACE! WITH A CRY, JAKE SPRANG TO THE WINDOW! BUT HIS FOOT---



WAS IT TRULY THE SEVERED LIFE-LINE THAT ACTED AS JAKE'S NEMESIS? FOR NEXT MORNING...

HIS FOOT MUST'VE
CAUGHT IN THAT
ROPE FIRE ESCAPE!

BUT... BUT
WHY DID
HE JUMP?



BUT THE STRANGEST THING OF ALL... WAS THE CORONER'S REPORT...

GENTLEMEN... THIS MAN'S LUNGS ARE FILLED WITH SEA WATER! HE DIED BY DROWNING!



WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS TO THE MYSTERIES? BUT PERHAPS THERE ARE NONE! ASK HARRY... RESTING SO PEACEFULLY ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR... NOW!!



THE END

SCREAM--AS HARD AND OFTEN
AS YOU WISH! IT DOESN'T MATTER!
SCREAMS, TERROR, HYSTERICAL FLIGHT CANNOT
SAVE YOU! FOOL--DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE ONE STANDING
BEHIND YOU, SITTING BESIDE YOU, WALKING TOWARD YOU, PROBABLY
IS A.....

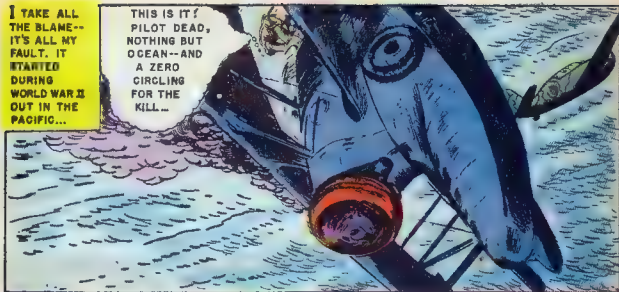
SPIDER MINDER

THEY'RE HERE...EVEN HERE!
NO PERSON--NO PLACE IS IMMUNE
FROM THE SPIDERS...NO! NO!

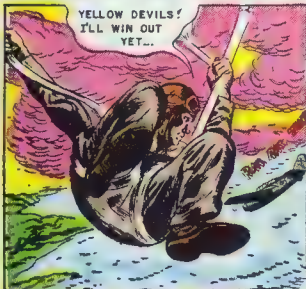
I CAN HARDLY WRITE THIS! THERE'S PAIN--ITCHING, SWELLING, CRAWLING PAIN--IN MY FINGERTIPS, MY
TOES! BUT STILL--I WRITE ON! I MUST, IF SOME FUTURE CIVILIZATION IS TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO
THIS ONE.....

I TAKE ALL
THE BLAME--
IT'S ALL MY
FAULT. IT
STARTED
DURING
WORLD WAR II
OUT IN THE
PACIFIC...

THIS IS IT!
PILOT DEAD,
NOTHING BUT
OCEAN--AND
A ZERO
CIRCLING
FOR THE
KILL...

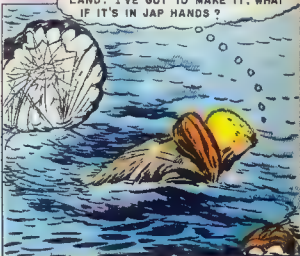


YELLOW DEVILS!
I'LL WIN OUT
YET...



AND-- I DID! AT LEAST I MADE IT SAFELY TO THE
WATER...

LAND! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT. WHAT
IF IT'S IN JAP HANDS?



HOURS LATER...



I HURRIEDLY STUMBLED TO THE
SHELTER OF THE PALM TREES...

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S
NOT POSSIBLE... WHAT... WHAT
KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS...?



NO BIRD CALLS--NO SOUNDS OF
INSECTS--NO NOTHING... THERE
ARE NO SOUNDS!!



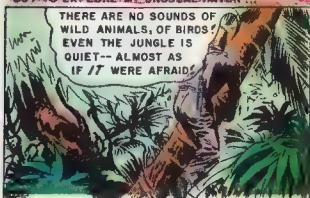
I STOOD STUNNED-- THE ONLY SOUND WAS THAT
OF MY OWN BREATHING...

SHHHH!
LISTEN!



IN TIME, HOWEVER, MY FEARS OVERCOME, I SET
OUT TO EXPLORE MY UNUSUAL HAVEN...

THERE ARE NO SOUNDS OF
WILD ANIMALS, OF BIRDS!
EVEN THE JUNGLE IS
QUIET-- ALMOST AS
IF IT WERE AFRAID!



THEN, THAT NIGHT, I DISCOVERED THE GHASTLY SECRET OF THE
ISLAND...

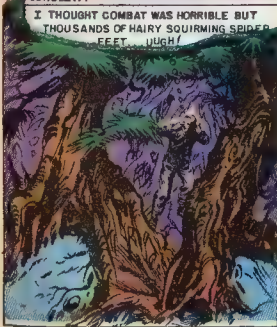


I AWOKE WITH A SCREAM OF MORTAL
FEAR...



I DASHED MADLY AWAY INTO THE BLACKNESS OF
THE JUNGLE...

I THOUGHT COMBAT WAS HORRIBLE BUT
THOUSANDS OF HAIRY SQUIRMING SPIDER
FEET... UGH!



THROUGH
THE REST
OF THAT
NIGHT I
KEPT ON
MY FEET...
DESPITE
MY ACHING,
WEARY BODY
I COULDN'T
BEAR THE
THOUGHT
OF LYING
DOWN ON
THAT
SPIDER
INFESTED
GROUND...

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JUST AS I WAS
ABOUT TO COLLAPSE FROM FATIGUE...

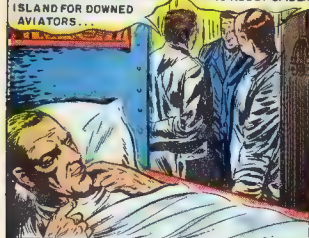
HELP! SAVE ME! HELP!



LATER--IN THE SICK BAY OF THE DESTROYER...

POOR DEVIL-- GOOD THING WE DECIDED TO CHECK THAT ISLAND FOR DOWNED AVIATORS...

KEEPS RAVING SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDERS.



FOR SEVERAL DAYS (THEY TELL ME) I WAS OUT OF MY MIND--FIGHTING OFF SPIDERS...

NO, NO, NO, NO...

DOCTOR! HURRY! HE'S AT IT AGAIN!

THE HYPO- DERMIC- QUICK!!



SUDDENLY, IT WAS ALL OVER. I WOKE UP ONE SUNNY MORNING, MYSELF AGAIN...

I...I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR...

I KNOW I AM-- THE SPIDERS WERE NOTHING BUT AN HALLUCINATION...



EVENTS MOVED RAPIDLY-- I WAS BACK IN THE STATES, A CIVILIAN AGAIN, BUT WITH ONE HAUNTED MEMORY...

NOW WHAT? GOT TO FIND A ROOM... A JOB...



LATER THAT DAY...

YES-- I'VE GOT A ROOM. BUT, TELL ME-- WHY AREN'T YOU IN UNIFORM, YOUNG MAN?

I...I WAS. I FOUGHT SPIDERS...ER..I MEAN, I FOUGHT THE JAPS...



FORTUNATELY SHE DIDN'T NOTICE MY SLIP, AND RENTED ME A ROOM...

I'D BETTER GO TO THE VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION HOSPITAL AND GET A CHECK UP...

MY FINGERS MY TOES...THEY ITCH, ALL THE TIME!



SLEEP FINALLY CAME--SLEEP THAT WAS FILLED WITH DREAMS OF HORROR. THE NEXT MORNING...

YOU MAKE THE THIRD CASE WITH THE SAME SYMPTOMS THIS WEEK. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE DOCTOR HANDLING THESE CASES...



YOUR CASE IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE OTHERS. BUT--SOMEHOW YOURS IS *MORE* ADVANCED. I'LL ADMIT--WE'RE BAFFLED...

WHO... WHO ARE THESE OTHERS?



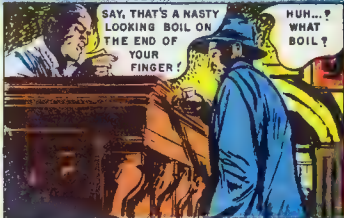
HE TOLD ME IT WAS A NAVY DOCTOR AND THE SICK BAY ORDERLIES, WHO HAD HELPED ME AFTER MY ISLAND RESCUE! AND--AS HE SPOKE--A HORRIBLE PICTURE STARTED FORMING IN MY MIND. I AROSE, AND STUMBLED FROM THE ROOM...

SERGEANT. WAIT! MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU...

NO! YOU CAN'T! NO ONE CAN! LEAVE ME ALONE...



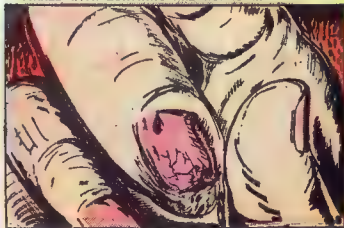
I WALKED ON AND ON FOR HOURS WHILE THE MAGGOTS OF FEAR SQUIRMED AS MADLY AS DID THE ITCHING IN MY FINGERS AND TOES...



SAY, THAT'S A NASTY LOOKING BOIL ON THE END OF YOUR FINGER!

HUH...? WHAT BOIL?

I LOOKED CAREFULLY AT MY FINGER, AND AS I STARED WITH LOATHING AND HORROR...



WITHIN AN HOUR TWO MORE SPIDERS HAD HATCHED AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE NIGHT. I HURRIED TO MY ROOM....

THE ARMY DOCTOR SAID YOU WERE TO MEET HIM AT THE HOSPITAL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. HE SAID...SAY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME -- BUT MY FINGER TIPS ITCH -- TOES TOO....



I STUMBLED OUT INTO THE NIGHT AND PAINFULLY MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE HOSPITAL....

OH, YES, SECOND DOOR ON THE LEFT. BETTER HURRY-- SOMETHING BIG HAS HAPPENED. BRASS AND SCIENTISTS ALL OVER THE PLACE....



WITH A GROWING FEAR I HURRIED DOWN THE HALLWAY ONLY TO ENTER, BY MISTAKE, THE WRONG DOORWAY....

HEH! WHAT'S GOING ON?....



THE DOG! THE DOG THAT TOOK CARE OF ME WHEN I WAS RESCUED FROM THE SPIDER ISLAND....



JUST THEN....

GHASTLY! AN UNKNOWN DEADLY SPIDER THAT LAYS MINUTE EGGS THAT INCUBATE IN HUMAN FLESH....



BUT--EVEN MORE HORRIBLE-- SOMEWHERE THERE IS A CARRIER-- A PERSON IMMUNE TO THE POISON WHO SPREADS THEIR EGGS TO EVERYONE HE TOUCHES....

EVEN AS I REALIZED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR WORDS, THE END OF ANOTHER FINGER POPPED OPEN AND ANOTHER SPIDER DROPPED TO THE FLOOR TO RUN AWAY INTO THE NIGHT....



THAT'S ALL! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, AND--NOW YOU KNOW WHY I'M GOING TO USE MY ARMY 45! I PRAY I'M NOT TOO LATE....



Now you can be Commander in Chief of this complete task force. Have pitched battles, gunnery drills, deploy your troops for attack and defense. Here's a complete army . . . 50 pieces in all including soldiers, sailors, marines, PT boat, Howitzers, tanks, planes, and ships. You'll be thrilled and delighted with this complete task force. Nothing else like it!

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6" LONG DIE CUT
SHOOTING
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Rush name and address and \$1
for each set. Your complete 50-
piece task force will be shipped
by return mail. Sorry no COD's.
Rush your dollar today.

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836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
I enclose _____ at \$1 per set. Rush
my 50-piece Fighting Force set prepaid.
Name _____
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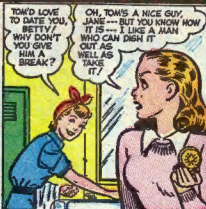
MACHINE GUNS

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Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's fun-packed exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book... you'll eat it up! Find yourself having real fun... and loving it!

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You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "be man" material horses want most... and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an all-around, all-over body conditioner... meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up every muscle in your whole body!



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☐ If you are under 5 ft. tall

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You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



When I enrolled I was a skinny, stick making. As you can see in my "before" photo I looked like a child—years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow ROGER. Let's pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be
soon!

**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S
is YOU ?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE- below
ARMED **SISSY** WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**

the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your CHEST
3 inches to each ARM
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



**Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 20 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.



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Perfect
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BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

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greatest in
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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4. How to Build a Mighty Back, 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—How all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

**MUSCLES
FAST!**

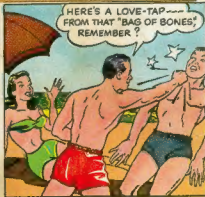
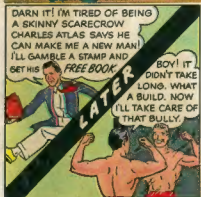
WE STUDY of every way
the BEST by TEST, my
that builds you 5-ways
as Tom Tyler did. Like
S like you did. SO Mail

FREE OFFER!

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

1.00

1.00



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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